Make it Hot by botanicapoetica

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Summary:

Steve loves the way he feels driving Billy's Camaro. His beemer always feels like a box he's stuck in, but this thing seems like a vessel that takes you far past everything and into a place where nothing else can touch you. He guesses that's probably why Billy loves the thing so damn much.

Make it Hot

Author's Note:

> Car sex for EVERYONE!!!!!
>
> Also, the title of this fic is taken from the song of the same name by Mirah, which is the most quietly sexual song ever. You're welcome.

Steve loves the way he feels driving Billy's Camaro. His beemer always feels like a box he's stuck in, but this thing seems like a vessel that takes you far past everything and into a place where nothing else can touch you. He guesses that's probably why Billy loves the thing so damn much.

He's been driving for about an hour now, having left Hawkins completely a bit ago. He knows they'll have to go back eventually, but tomorrow is Sunday so nothing is keeping them from doing anything today, which Steve is more than thankful for. Billy couldn't drive after he'd ripped into Steve's driveway, a common occurrence lately. This time had been different. Steve had watched Billy stumble out of his car like he was drunk, his left eye swollen shut and his bottom lip fattened. He walked toward Steve's open front door like a zombie, his movements stiff and shaky, but that wasn't the scariest part.

It was that Billy was stuttering at him, his good eye wide with some kind of far off fear.

"S-s-Steve what's ha-p-p-penning, I'm f-fucking dying.." Billy finally ground out, stumbling through the threshold to sit hard on the entryway floor. Steve knew what a panic attack was, had his fair share of them over the last year or so, but he was pretty positive Billy didn't. He came to sit on his knees in front of Billy, grabbing one of his hands and putting it to his own chest.

"I know it feels like you're going to die, but you're not. It'll stop eventually, I promise. You have to try and breathe through it, just do what I do. "

Steve had gotten Billy's breathing at least down from panting to shaky, then piled the other boy into the car. He had to buckle Billy in because he'd gone off somewhere in his head, head hitting the neck rest heavily. Steve hadn't stopped driving since then, the time slipping away in silence.

Steve watched Billy now, the other boy's forehead resting against the window, his eyes watching the sun set quickly in front of them. He figured now would be a good time to take a short rest until they found some dingy motel to stay in and, at the sight of a river bank on the long abandoned stretch, pulled the car over. Steve killed the engine and unbuckled himself so he could fully turn towards Billy.

"We don't have to talk about it tonight. We don't have to go back to Hawkins until tomorrow night. Just, hey, just let me know you're here with me, sweetheart." Steve said, trailing a finger down Billy's jaw and hooking it under his chin to catch his eyes.

"Here." Was all Steve got, but Billy was unbuckling his seatbelt to lean over and rest his face against Steve's shoulder, his arms wrapping around Steve's middle in a death grip. Steve brought his hands up to Billy's hair, stroking it softly until he decided to cup the other boy's head, bringing him up for a kiss.

He instantly felt Billy melt against him, his lips completely pliant and open under Steve's searching tongue. Steve felt a surge of fire in his gut, wondering if he could be useful in the way he was when they were together. Steve paused the kiss to search Billy's face, squeezing the back of his neck with some force. A question.

"Please..."he heard Billy whisper before their lips met again, and Steve felt that last bit of him slide into place. This, he knew. Steve squeezed Billy's neck purposefully one more time before looking Billy in the eyes.

"Get in the back." Steve commanded, and they disentangled themselves to get out and back into the car in the backseat. Billy sat, his knee bouncing furiously, his eyes boring holes into Steve. Steve took his time sitting down, legs spread out slightly. "Pants and underwear, off." Steve said shortly, but not unkindly. He watched as Billy slipped the bottom half of his clothes off, shifting in his seat

until he was stretched out enough. Once he was comfortable he placed a hand on his knee purposefully.

“Come.”

Billy needed no further encouraging, was instantly in his lap, knees resting on the seat on either side of Steve’s legs. Steve ran his hands up underneath Billy’s shirt, down the soft and barely visible hair of his legs, and finally rested them on his ass, one finger laying passively against his entrance. Even this small of a touch had Billy vibrating in his lap, waiting oh so patiently for whatever came next.

Steve reached out and crushed their lips together, fist knotting in Billy’s hair to keep him in place. He swiped his tongue once, twice, along the seam of Billy’s lips and was given entrance. Steve did not take this for granted, taking what was being offered to him, devouring the other boy’s mouth like he was hoping to suck the poison out. His free hand drifted down to close around Billy’s cock, fully erect and dripping desperately already. He dragged his thumb across the head roughly, and began stroking him until he hit the right point. This, for Steve, was the moment when Billy started to make tight and high sounds, almost mewling for more. Steve abruptly stopped at this, his hands leaving Billy’s body and resting against the seat.

“Now suck.”

Billy dropped to the floor of the car in a flash, yanking Steve’s pants and underwear down to his ankles. The other boy didn’t even have the patience to try and pull them all the way off, which didn’t bother Steve in the slightest when the next moment he felt an all encompassing wet heat around his dick. Jesus, he’d taken him all the way down. Steve looked down at Billy’s face, smiling approvingly and not without a little heat. “Yeah, there you go. Go on.” He said, guiding his head up and down and eventually holding it gently in one place as he started to rock back and forth in the other boy’s mouth.

Even with a nearly fully formed bruise on his face, he was incredible to see. His lips, big and plush, dripped drool and precome, and his hands stayed obediently on top of his own thighs. Steve could feel Billy gag every now and then but he seemed determined to push

through it, each time trying to loosen his mouth up more for Steve's cock. Steve didn't think it should end this way though, so he pulled Billy's mouth away.

"Come on back up, sweetheart. Grab the shit." He said softly, watching Billy's ass as he reached into the glove compartment to grab a condom and some lube. "Set it down, back up here, honey." He finished lowly, guiding Billy back into his lap. Steve popped open the bottle of lube, coating his first few fingers and throwing it to the side. He reached for the back of Billy's neck, roughly holding him at a distance as his first finger circled and then probed into the other boy's ass, watching him. Billy was clearly holding himself back from lunging forward, his pupils blown wide, but let himself be held in place as one finger became two and then three. At one point Steve crooked his fingers just right and watched Billy's mouth drop open, a desperate sound leaving him.

"Here?" Steve asked in a passive voice, brushing his prostate over and over until the other boy's jaw was quivering and his ass was grinding back down on Steve's fingers. At this, Steve withdrew his fingers and heard Billy whine at the loss. But Steve didn't need to sympathize, too busy unwrapping the lone condom on his dick. The second he was done Billy was lifting his hips, hands curling onto the seat behind Steve's head. "Please, fuck, I want." Billy started to say, but was silenced by the feeling of Steve's cock working itself slowly inside of him. He sunk down fully on Steve's cock, breathing harshly, an edge of pain to the sound.

"Please don't stop me. I want to feel it. I need to feel it." Billy whispered hoarsely, and Steve allowed it. His hands reached Billy's hips, closing in a tight grip on the soft flesh there as he let Billy work himself on his dick, listening to the panting breaths and the smacking sounds of Billy's pert ass hitting his thighs. Steve could see Billy getting lost in himself and was reminded of his job, almost disappointed in himself for becoming distracted.

Steve's hands reached up to grip onto Billy's shoulders underneath his clothes, holding him up against his chest as he started a punishing pace. He fucked up into Bully roughly, watching with satisfaction as the other boy's eyes rolled back into his head, those beautiful mewls floating through the car again, punctuated by each thrust. Steve felt

himself losing his control, and was dimly aware of flipping Billy onto his back across the seat. He pressed one of Billy's knees to his chest, hooking his foot over his shoulder, and started fucking into him as hard as he could.

"You're doing so good, honey, yeah. C'mon, take that dick. Fuck you look so perfect." Steve gasped out, his grip on Billy's thighs almost bruising. He couldn't help himself, looking down at Billy's fucked out face, and put one hand up to the other boy's face. He stuck his first two fingers inside of Billy's mouth, watching and feeling Billy gasping and crying out around them, tears rolling down his cheeks.

Steve's resolve was crumbling, so he changed his angle around until he heard Billy scream, his head thrown backward. He relentlessly pressed against that spot and when he felt himself getting too close, barked out another command.

"Come."

Billy's entire body seized up and he screamed again, come shooting out of him and coating both of their stomachs. Steve looked into Billy's eyes as his thrusts became sharp and out of rhythm, watching Billy cry around his fingers in pure relief, and felt his own orgasm tear out of him.

For the longest moment the only sounds in the car were their shared, exhausted breathing, and Billy's occasional sniffling. Steve framed Billy's face with his hands, watching as Billy's eyes locked on to his fully for the first time that day.

"There you are."

Author's Note:

> follow me into the sin bin at botanicapoetica.tumblr.com